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Central Television
46 Charlotte St.,
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Dear John,

You remember correctly that I had supported, your word but not quite it, Jim Garrison, and you left the day before it began to change.

You, Matt Herron and I were in Dallas. You were working on your story to mark the 5th anniversary of the JFK assassination. Not long after you and Matt left Garrison phoned. I just HAD to rush back to New Orleans-he had the greatest bit of evidence of all. So, instead of returning home I changed my ticket to New Orleans. My baggage was intercepted. Matt met me at the airport, we stopped of at the Palais Royal on Airline Highway where I bought enough to tide me until the bagge was returned (without a piece of paper in it and a frightful mess) and the next morning I was in Garrison's office for this major event.

With more than 20 letters in today's mail I'll not give you the details I recall with such horrible clarity of what began that day but as long as I remember anything I'll remember them. His major "find" was a poor print of what remained of WDSU's Oswald footage. When I saw how poor it was I offered him my print of the WDSU file copy, rather clear, to project. "Now look" he exlaimed when a man was seen walking toward the camera from Canal Street. I remember only that he said it was Clay Shaw. It clearly wasn't. And when this man got opposite the fire door Garrison glowed in ecstasy in telling us that was Shaw's secret entrance into the building he managed! (Fire doors open from the inside only.)

Like too many others, I'd believed Garrison's jazz that what we regarded as his excesses were fighting fire with fire. I'd begun to have doubts and that was the beginning of the end of them. As I was leaving to be driven to the plane Louis Ivon and Moo Sciambra drew me aside to ask me to try to do what they and Jim Alcock had not been able to do. They explained that Alcock had talked him out of other assassins he was about to charge but they had not been able to talk him out of charging Robert L. Perrin, who'd been married to Nancy Perrin Rich, and a west-coast, right-wing nut named Edgar Eugene Bradley with shooting JFK from the Grassy Knoll. We all knew that Perrin had killed himself in New Orleans the year before the JFK assassination. If you want the details I'll provide them, as to a degree I did to Oliver Stone 2/8/91, before he started shooting. Ivon had his investigators, all police detectives, do the leg work for me and get me the documents I wanted and Garrison should have gotten and didn't. The report of my investigation that I gave Sciambra confronted Garrison with a major crisis: firing himself or finding a goat. He made Bill Boxley his goat, firing him with the phony charge that he had infiltrated the staff to wreck Garrison's investigation. My report left it without doubt and stated quite specifically that Garrison was making it all up and Boxley's sin was going out and making up "proof" to substantiate it. Or, he was excessively loyal and a fool.

Except for the Clinton, LA witnesses Garrison had nothing original or that he had not just invented. And he was so utterly incompetent he never conducted any investigation

to support the Clinton witnesses. Almost as bad he ignored substantial and proven information if it did not relate to Shaw, much as he talked about other things. Like Oswald's associates in New Orleans. He never interviewed or sent investigators to interview the people who printed Oswald's leaflet even after I reported in the book for which he wrote the foreword that it was not Oswald who picked the printing job up. The printer and his secretary both said it was not Oswald and each, independently, picked out four pictures of the man they say did. More like this I do not now take time for.

It was a time of living horrors for me but I did prevent an additional desecration and saved him, as Sciambra put it to me, from being "disbarred by the Supreme Court of the United States," with the Shaw case before it then. And I saved him and us from more.

While I now have no clear recollection of what I wrote you I do know that with the story published that could not change. I think I had in mind that you had been deceived and misled by "Lies of Our Times," the articles in which ranged from bullshit to manufactured quotes and I did not want you to damage your reputation when Stone started barnstorming the world to promote his movie.

You can doubt that "Garrison now desrves the merciless invective" I "heaped upon him" but what he did was so manstrous I actually understated. And I have not had a word of complaint from him or from Stone, both knowing full well that I, not the CIA and its "recipied" reporters, began the exposure of the crass commercialization and exploitation Stone intended and got away with. But I have made what I'd intended, a record for history.

Stone actually told one of his consultants that he was using the JFK assassination as a vehicle for saying what he wanted to say about Viet Nam. Garrison's book is a fraud and a travesty, his own wretched rewriting of his own wretched history, his monumental fiasco.

You think that the fraudulent movie, which actually helps the official miscreants, as I've seen in their own files, of which I now have about 330,000 pages, serves a useful end in convincing people that there was a conspiracy. Well, before his movie 80% believed that so if he did any good, anything to outweigh the confusion, misinformation and disinformation, it was not much. And if and when records are disclosed, there will be no smoking gun but Stone will long since have counted his coin. And more honors for his lies.

There is no question, there was a conspiracy. But there are no leads to who conspired. The crime was never officially investigated and wasn't intended to be.

Believe what you will, John, but avoid any more writing that can later haunt you or hurt your reputation. And if you get what is so appropriately titled "Lies," don't trust it without ample confirmation from independent sources, not their trained rats.

Thanks for your kind comments, best wishes, and the best to Matt and his family if you are in touch with them. Sincerely, Harold Weisberg

Harold